

SACRED
HYMNS:
OR,
An Attempt to Discover and Revive
the Original *Spirit, Elevation, and*
Beauty, of some of the
SELECT PSALMS.

To which is added,
An ODE on the AGONY of the
M E S S I A H.

—*Sanctos ausus recludere Fontes*—

By the Reverend Mr. NEWCOMB, Chaplain
to his Grace the Duke of RICHMOND.



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SAVED

H. Y. M. N. S.

An Attempt to Discover and Revive

SELECT PSALMS

The Revived and the Worthy
To which is added

An Oration by the Author of the

Warden of New College in

Oxford

By the Rev. Mr. Newcome, Chaplain
to his Grace the Duke of Richmond

to which is added
a new edition of the
to which is added

for the year 1711
and for the year 1712
and for the year 1713



of it. But however you may imagine
the freedom of this address, I per-

The Reverend and the Worthy

Mr. B I G,

Warden of New-Colledge in
OXFORD.

Being which the necessities of
this age, with impetuosity, has forc-

times question'd, and often de-

SIR,

I HAVE presum'd, without

your leave or knowledge,

to prefix your Name be-

fore this short Essay; an honour, I
had reason to fear, your great modesty

A would

iv *DEDICATION.*

would have refus'd me, had I sollicit-
ed you for it: It being your choice,
rather to enjoy the secret pleasure of
virtue and goodness, than the praise
of it. But however you may blame
the freedom of this address, I per-
suade myself you will approve the na-
ture of the design; which is, to cele-
brate, in as worthy a manner as I am
able, from the inspir'd writings, the
adorable perfections of the Supreme
Being, which the licentiousness of
this age, with impunity, has some-
times question'd, and often derided:
Aiming, in this attempt, to promote
and inspire that genuine piety and
devotion, your own life and ex-
ample more strongly encourage and
recommend; which, if we cannot
mention

DEDICATION

mention without giving you offence, we cannot, I am sure, conceal, without doing you an injury. These, join'd with equal merits of another kind, have placed you so early at the head of the most polite, most learned, and flourishing society; at an age, when common merit cou'd only have entertain'd thoughts of qualifying itself, for the distant prospect of such an honour. Those who advanc'd you to your present dignity, studying their own welfare, as much as your interest; providing, by the same action, for your just merit, and their own uncommon happiness.

I HAVE perused, Sir, with some care and attention, whatever has been
written

vj DEDICATION.

written before, with any degree of reputation, this way. Those authors, who have attempted some former versions of the PSALMS, have, doubtless, their beauties, and a share of merit to recommend them; particularly, Mr. *Sandys*, Sir *Richard Blackmore*, Dr. *Patrick*, and Dr. *Brady*: And, I am afraid, it may be thought by some very worthy persons, an injury to those great names, to imagine, they can be excell'd, or, perhaps, equall'd. I hope it will not be imputed to my prejudice or vanity, if I judge otherwise: As they have many excellencies, it will be a fame to imitate; so they have some imperfections, which it may be an equal prudence to avoid. How well I
have

DEDICATION vij

have endeavour'd to reach the one, or to decline the other, is humbly submitted to yourself and the world to determine.

THERE are two errors, commonly destructive of true merit, in works of this nature; one is, too religious a reverence for the *Letter*, which extinguishes all spirit in these compositions: The other is too wanton a liberty in the fancy'd embellishments of them, which entirely destroys their character, and instead of a translation, gives us an original. I have carefully endeavour'd to avoid these too extremes; and, to make this Version both animated and just; keeping the sense of the divine originals

viii **DEDICATION.**

ginals still in view, and inspiring it with that degree of life and spirit, with which it was first deliver'd; and without which, in any language, it can never please.

I am, SIR,

With the utmost Respect

And Sincerity,

Your most obliged,

And most humble Servant,

THO. NEWCOMB.



S A C R E D
H Y M N S.
B E I N G

An Attempt to Discover and Re-
vive the Original Spirit, Eleva-
tion, and Beauty, of some of the
S E L E C T P S A L M S.

P S A L M V I I I.



ETERNAL power! whose stedfast
(throne is lay'd
Above the arches of the azure skies;
By heaven ador'd; by earth beneath
(obey'd,
Rever'd by man's, and fear'd by angels eyes;
Round the wide world, what region can'st thou
(view,
But owns thy arm, and pays thee reverence due?

B

Here

Here we behold thy glorious face less bright,
 Thro' the thick cloud thy distant seat survey ;
 The heavens enjoy thy fairest fullest light,
 Pouring for ever round a blaze of day !
 From whence eternal streams of brightness flow,
 To bless the earth, and cheer each orb below.

Whene'er thy foes, (JEHOVAH'S foes in vain)
 Thy wrath provoke, or matchless arm deride ;
 The babe is chose their fury to restrain,
 The suckling call'd, to mock the scorners pride ;
 Weakness has strength to work thy royal will ;
 And bid the haughty sons of pride be still.

When to thy heaven my ravish'd eyes I turn,
 And there behold the golden lamp of day,
 The sun with full meridian glory burn,
 The moon and stars diffuse a milder ray ;
 Kin to the crumbling dust, corruption's heir,
 How can weak man deserve his maker's care ?
 Him scarce below the fairest sons of light,
 Swift heralds of thy will, thy hand has made ;
 His shield by day, his sure defence by night
 The angel's wing ; or cherub's guardian shade ;
 Man's

Sacred HYMNS.

3

Man's fame let all the wide creation own ;
Friend of his God ; and fav'rite of his throne !

Whate'er through nature's ample circuit stray,
Crowding the sea, or air, or spacious land,
His royal summons hear ; and will obey,
Attend his voice, or stoop to his command ;
Or clothe the naked ; or the hungry feed ;
Toil at the yolk ; or at the altar bleed ;

Supreme, unbounded, heaven's immortal fire,
Whose tongue shall thy great Godhead greatly
(praise ;
To tell thy might, too weak each mortal lyre,
To sing thy power, too faint all humane lays !
By various worlds, thy mercies are implor'd ;
Each world sustaining ; and by each ador'd !

P S A L M XIX.

THE golden heavens that burn on high,
The lamps that deck the glorious sky ;
Without a voice, great God, proclaim
That power, which gave each star a name ;

The works and wonders of thy might,
The day unfolds to please the night ;
Which she rejoicing to display
Repeats again to charm the day !

To the glad nations all around
They bear along the numerous sound ;
And bid each eye his hand admire
Which fill'd their silver orbs with fire ;

Tho' silent round the earth they blaze,
Their silence yet can speak thy praise ;
Calling on man that God to own
Who built each star so fair a throne.

Beyond the rest in glory bright,
The sun pours forth a flood of light ;
His great pavilion plac'd on high,
The first, and fairest in the sky.

As now he lights the eastern air,
A bridegroom's blushes seem less fair ;
And taking thence his western flight ;
A giant has not half his might !

Along

Along the golden glorious way,
Where'er he bends, he scatters day ;
No nation but his beauties charm ;
Nor world his presence does not warm.

Wak'd by his heat all nature pours
From her green lap a year of flowers ;
Which to the morn their sweets disclose,
And blest those beams from whence they rose.

P S A L M XVIII.

GREAT God ! our sure defence in fight !
Who dost each heart with courage fill ;
From whom our arm derives its might
In battle, to defend or kill ;
Through the wide earth weak man can see,
Nothing secure or strong but thee ;

No arm but thine we safely trust ;
Feeble the bold ; infirm the brave ;
Our shields are clay ; our bucklers dust,
Faithless in fight ; and cannot save ;
To man no help or refuge yield,
In the dark gloom, or bloody field.

When

When dangers do my steps surround
 Awaking every conscious fear,
 No ills shall hurt ; no dread confound
 My steadfast heart, when thou art near ;
 Beneath thy wings secure I goe,
 And meet, unhurt, my proudest foe ;

Tho' round the couch on which I sleep
 In sadness, each pale terror reigns,
 Tho' death shou'd there his mansion keep,
 And hell reveal its saddest pains ;
 Nor death nor hell cou'd e'er afright
 My soul, when cherish'd by thy sight ;

When my sad heart no comfort knows,
 And heaving sighs my bosom swell,
 To thee my tongue shall lift my woes,
 My soul to thee its sorrows tell ;
 Thy heavens my loud complaints shall hear,
 And calm my griefs ; and dry my tear.

The earth was mov'd ; the hills around
 Were shook throughout with sudden fear ;
 Dissolving each, the dreadful sound
 Of thy consuming wrath to hear ;

Which

Sacred HYMNS.

7

Which fills the world with dire dismay ;
And drives its trembling orbs away.

From thy fierce visage sparkles dire
In fearful inundations flow ;
Which scatters round a steam of fire
Consuming all it meets below ;
Nothing its fury can subdue,
Devouring wide, where'er it ~~burns~~ ; *flew*

The bowing heaven, and bending skies,
Receive their God with reverent dread ;
Beneath whose feet deep darkness lies,
While rays of glory hide his head ;
His throne now clad with purest light,
Now veil'd with all the gloom of night.

Upon the wings of cherubs bore,
He chuses round his heavens to fly ;
Or takes as great delight to soar
On all the winds above the sky ;
Which, as they bear his weight along,
Confess their God more swift and strong.

His

His awful feat above the pole
Is cover'd round with thickest night ;
About his throne dark waters roll
And hide his brow from humane sight ;
No eye the darkness can invade,
Or pierce the secret solemn shade !

'Till from his presence flames ascend,
And drive the scatter'd clouds away ;
The lightnings which the mountain rend
Less cruel and less keen than they ;
Again his heavens are seen more bright ;
Again his visage glows with light ;

With dread, thou earth, his thunders hear,
While from the skies his fury pours,
To damp pale man with every fear,
His fire and hail in mingled showers ;
Which with their mighty sound and blaze
All nature damp ; each world amaze.

His bow full bent with strongest might
A shower of burning arrows threw ;
The nations round in wild afright
To shun the cruel shafts withdrew ;

Far

Sacred HYMNS.

19

Far from his withering flames retire,
Conscious, whose arm had shot the fire.

Its springs no more the hoary deep,
Hearing far off his blasting breath,
Cou'd from man's eye, or wonder keep,
Opening its horrors all beneath;
His chiding gives the world despair;
And leaves the earth's dark center bare;

PSALM CXIV.

WHEN *Israel's* race, oppress'd with pain,
Shook off proud *Pharaoh's* cruel chain;
To quell the haughty tyrant's pride
Jehovah was their strength and guide!

The ocean saw; the rivers gaz'd;
And both their waters stood amaz'd;
To view their armies march along,
So firm; so terrible and strong;

Beyond the floods their journey lay;
Which clove, to yield the troops a way;

C

Con-

Conscious, whose sovereign arm was nigh ;
Whose voice it was that bid 'em fly.

As to the deep his steps draw near,
The deep attends the sound with fear ;
While *Jordan's* waters backwards turn
With fearful haste to find their urn.

The mountains hold their place no more,
Shook, with the aged pines they bore ;
The little hills the mountains view ;
Confess their God, and tremble too.

Ye seas ! whose arm drove back your wave !
Ye streams, whose voice your terror gave !
Who rocks the feeble hills around ;
Which, like the herds they nourish, bound ?

As now your God forsakes his throne,
Tremble, ye worlds ! his presence own !
Prepare your flight ; dissolve with fear ;
And melt away, when he is near.

'Tis he who from the flint can call,
And bid the gushing waters fall ;

From

Sacred HYMNS.

111

From the hard rock, who fountains pours;
And makes the desert smile with showers.

PSALM XXIII.

WHENE’ER I faint, oppress’d with woe,
Thy gentle hand my footsteps leads,
Where silver streams delight to flow
Thro’ fruitful vales, and flow’ry meads;
Each scene around with transport seen;
The vale still fresh; the meadows green.

Beneath the shade thy wings display
I feed, and taste each dear delight;
Nor dread the flame that burns by day,
Nor fear the blast that chills by night.
Each bliss enjoy, each foe deride;
Thy love, my strength; thy arm, my guide?

How clear the cooling fountains flow,
How sweet the pastures where I feed,
Those drive away each pensive woe,
Those every pleasing transport breed.
A double joy at once impart,
Both cheer the eye; and charm the heart.

As here the streams around me roul,
One yet, one mercy more supply!

Smite thou thyself upon my soul

And bid each other rapture die;

The vales tho' fresh; the brooks tho' clear,
Can please no more when thou art near.

Tho' treading the dark paths below,

Far from thy heaven; these smiling plains;

With sad and fearful steps I go,

Where death resides, where darkness reigns;

Thy hand shall lead me in the way,

And turn the midnight gloom to day!

Whate'er dire terrors dwell beneath,

What scenes afright, or woes amaze;

What sighs, tho' dead, the wretched breathe,

What flames around the guilty blaze;

Do thou my steadfast soul sustain,

I view and hear, without a pain.

My table, with thy bounty spread,

With envy wastes my pining foes;

While thy rich oil bedews my head,

And with thy wine my cup o'erflows;

A

Which

Which gladness to each look imparts,

And pours a joy around our hearts.

Oh, let the same indulgent smile,

That cheers me now, for ever save ;

That love, which does my griefs beguile,

This hour await me to the grave ;

That to thy name, my God and friend,

My knee may bow, and heart may bend.

PSALM XXIV.

WHATE’ER the spacious world contains,

The fruitful earth, or wat’ry plains ;

That humbly on the surface creep,

Or roul along the mighty deep ;

’Twas heaven’s great voice, with one creating

That fill’d with life the wide expansion round.

Beneath the floods ; beyond our eye,

Her deep and dark foundations lie ;

Tho’ seas above her surface flow,

Capacious oceans sleep below ;

Beneath the mountains hold their gloomy reign ;

Which bind the boisterous waves, as with a chain.

Whose

Whose feet shall on thy mountain rest,
Be, with thy smiles and presence, blest?
Who to thy sacred hill shall rise,
And claim thy temple or thy skies?
Even he, who justice loves, and treachery scorns;
Whom virtue guides, and innocence adorns;

On him, fair, *Israel's* hope and power,
From heaven each fairest gift shall shower;
A thousand smiles his eye extend,
His hand a thousand mercies lend;
With kind events each pious action bless,
And crown each guiltless labour with success;

Such shall the happy race appear,
Who *Sion's* God with reverence hear;
Such smiles shall grace, and gifts adorn
The sons, of *Jacob's* lineage born;
Those who his presence love; and godhead own;
And bow their hearts before his awful throne.

Ye temples round your valves unfold
Throw wide your lofty gates of gold!
Omnipotence demands the space,
A God anon, your courts will grace;

Lift

Lift high your doors, that thro' the spacious way
The king of glory may his pomp display;

To whom does that great name belong?

To *Sion's* God, in battle strong.

Who pours contempt upon the brave,

And shuts the victor in the grave;

Shaking the feeble props of humane trust,

And bids the proud lie down in death and dust

PSALM LXVIII.

LET God arise, and from his throne,

Turn to the earth his dreadful eye;

With dire amaze each foe shall own

His presence, and prepare to fly.

Pouring confusion all around

On those who dare his wrath withstand,

The proud his anger shall confound,

His looks consume, without his hand.

When he prepares their strength to break,

And whets his glittering sword for fight;

The melting wax is not so weak,

The flying smoak, not half so light.

Not

Not so the just, who own his sky,
Or from his arm, or presence start ;
Soft joy inspires the guiltless eye,
And gladness cheers the pious heart.

With smiles upon his brow they gaze,
His sacred courts with raptures tread ;
Look on his heaven without amaze,
His lifted arm without a dread.

Ye worlds prepare your noblest song
For him, whose hand all nature guides ;
Who on the heavens, sublime and strong.
As on a burning chariot rides ;

His praise, his worth be first decreed
Dwelling aloft in fairest light ;
Who checks the orbs in fullest speed,
Or with his word inspires their flight.

To him who hears from off the skies
The wretched race of man complain,
The helpless orphan never cries,
Or lonely widow sighs in vain.

He

He from the mourning pris'ner's feet
Breaks the strong bolt, and heals his pain ;
Persuades his faints to union sweet,
And bursts the captive's gauling chain.

While those who his great statutes scorn,
Nor in his arm, for safety, trust,
With want and meagre famine worn,
Consume away, and pine in dust.

Can we forget the glorious day,
When led across the desert sand,
Cloth'd all in flame, his dread array
Our armies own'd his guiding hand ?

The hills their strength retain'd no more,
Confess'd their weakness and his power ;
As on their tops, with thunders tore,
Was pour'd the rapid burning shower.

The heavens and fearful earth cou'd stay
No more upon their trembling base ;
But just like *Sinai* fled away
Before the brightness of his face.

PSALM LXXVI.

WHERE *Judah's* fruitful vales are spread,
 And hear with joy the fountains fall ;
 Thy name, great God, is heard with dread,
 Wherever heard, ador'd by all ;
 The hills diffuse it all around ;
 The vales prolong the sacred sound.

Fair *Salem's* feat, whose royal spires
 With beauty charm ; in height excell,
 Thy presence fills, and eye admires,
 Chose for thy court, wherein to dwell ;
 On *Sion's* brow thy temple rear'd,
 By nations own'd, and *Israel* fear'd.

Here to rebuke th' astonish'd foe,
 Their shield thy stronger fury rent ;
 Shiver'd the spear, made weak the bow,
 Against her walls by *Syria* bent ;
 In haste their impious legions fled,
 While all around their battle bled.

Those

Those bands which to the hills belong,
Whose swords in cruel spoil delight ;
Thy arm more terrible and strong
Shall drive away ; confound in fight ;
Who, turning back to view thy eye,
Shall all consume, before they fly.

Thou do'st the proud of strength beguile,
And shake the victor's heart with fear,
No more the mighty hold the spoil,
Or chase the prey, when thou art near ;
To shun thy wrath and blasting breath
They fly — and flying sleep in death.

When he beholds thy brow with pain,
Thy angry shaft, and lifted hand,
How shall the driver hold the rein,
Or how the fearful chariot stand ?
Owing thy dire rebuke to feel
The falling steed, and broken wheel.

What else, the spacious earth around
Which thou, great God, do'st ever fill,
Can like thy angry look confound,
Or like thy awful visage kill ?

Man's eye with less amaze can see
The lightning's cruel flame, than thee.

When from his burning throne on high,
Dark with fierce light, *Jehovah* rose,
The meek with mercies to supply,
And shed pale fear among his foes,
The trembling earth, to which he flies,
Receives him from the rending skies;

The winds are hush'd! the seas no more
Are heard in murmurs to resound;
They view their God, his steps adore
With conscious fear, and dread profound;
The wond'ring deep his eye restrains;
And silence thro' all nature reigns.

Let man, vain man, with fury rage
Against thy strength, his fierceness raise;
Thy arm his fierceness can assuage,
And turn it to thy nobler praise,
Into the bold a terror dart,
And fix despair in every heart.

What

What to thy kindest love we owe,
 Rich incense, and oblations sweet,
 Whate'er we promise, let us throw
 Unsparing at thy royal feet ;
 For mercy, gratitude return,
 While with our gifts thy altars burn.

Thy arm shall break the tyrant's yoke,
 The spirit of the bold restrain ;
 By thee their strength in battle broke
 Who sway the earth, and proudly reign ;
 Who, turning to thy glorious throne,
 Extol thy power ; nor trust their own.

PSALM XCI.

WH O makes thy arm his strong retreat,
 Great God, secur'd beneath thy wings ;
 Scorns the vain insults of the great,
 The waste of war, and wrath of kings ;
 Each horror of the doubtful field
 Thy smiles, his trust ; thy arm, his shield.

Each

Each midnight snare the secret foe
 Can form, or treachery devise,
 His hand thy sure defence below
 Thy eye shall mock, and heart despise.
 While the blue pestilence shall fly
 Unfear'd across the tainted sky.

The guardian shade his wing shall cast
 Above thy head, shall still defend ;
 His faith through endless ages last,
 His truth to know no bounds, or end ;
 Not the strong buckler shall secure
 So well, or sword so long endure.

Each fearful terror of the night
 Man's eye can dread, or fears divine,
 In the deep darkness may affright
 Each guilty heart, but cannot thine ;
 By him the arrow turn'd away
 That takes its flight, and wounds by day.

Not the dire pest, which seeks the shade
 To spread around her blasting breath,
 Shall reach thy couch, thy rest invade,
 Or fill thy house with dread, and death ;

Free

Free from each bold and baleful ill,
That in full day delights to kill.

When on his name the sinners call,
In vain with sighs invoke his sky ;
Thousands on thy right hand shall fall,
Upon the left, ten thousand die ;
Secure from that contagious breath
Which stretches all the proud in death.

Oh, wait a while, and view descend
From off yon heaven the vengeful dart,
Which shall the cloud in pieces rend,
Amazing every guilty heart,
While thy strong fortrefs, plac'd on high,
Derides each terror of the sky.

What tho' the weeping earth around
Does every sorrow feel or fear,
Thy roofs shall all with joy abound,
Thy God, thy great avenger near ;
The plague from thy lov'd couch who turns,
Wasting whole regions where it burns.

See at his word, his kind command,
His angels round their wings display ;
About thy bed delighted stand,
And guide thy steps, and smooth thy way ;
Guarding each sorrow from thy head
Weak man has cause each day to dread.

Thou on the hissing snake shalt tread,
The fiery aspick fearless meet ;
Rouze the fierce dragon from his bed,
And crush beneath thy stronger feet ;
On his dire mane thy heel shall rest,
And spurn the haughty lion's crest.

See, see, thy God is fond to chear
The guiltless heart with groans oppress ;
Strong to relieve, and kind to hear
The mournful voice, and throbbing breast.
Does the good man to honours raise,
Who owns his name ; and spreads his praise.

Whene'er thou do'st for succour call,
Thy eyes with streams of sorrow fed,
His wings around thy couch shall fall,
And free thy soul from every dread ;

Partake

Partake thy grief, or else allay;
And chase the falling tear away!

With every bliss and blessing crown'd;
Thy life shall waste, and glide away;
With honours grac'd, in fame renown'd,
Shall flourish long, and late decay;
In life, in death; beneath, above,
Sovereign his arm; supreme his love.

P S A L M XLII.

JUST as the hart pursues the stream,
Scorch'd with the day's meridian beam,
To the cool current swiftly flies,
With eager steps, and longing eyes;
From every meaner passion free,
So pants my soul, oh God, for thee.
I faint, I thirst, oh, turn thy eye,
See me expire; behold me die;
'Tis for thy absence that I mourn,
'Tis for thy presence that I burn;
When will thy smiles my sadness cheer,
And when will *Israel's* hope draw near?

E

On

On the sad stream my grief has shed,
By night, by day, I long have fed;
Hearing thy foe with scorn demand
Some wonder from thy slighted hand;
Ask in what deeds thy arm excels,
And where thy question'd Godhead dwells?

To hear proud man thy name disown,
I seek the shade, and pine alone;
Pour out my soul before the night,
Too sad to view the day, or light;
Or to the temple lead along
The tribes, to hear my pensive song.

Why do my eyes refuse their rest?
Why heaves each sorrow in my breast?
What sadness and unbounded woe
Bids the big tear for ever flow:
Each joy from my swell'd heart does keep,
Which breathes, but only breathes to weep?

Oh, still on *Jacob's* God depend,
His arm can yet a succour lend;
Be his almighty name thy trust,
Who lifts the poor from death and dust;

Does

Does from the grave the wretched raise,
In joyful hymns to own his praise.

Once more unveil thy sacred skies ;
Receive my sorrows as they rise !

My voice shall then thy fame unfold,
Thy present might, and works of old ;
Of every harp the rapturous theme,
From *Hermon's* hill, to *Jordan's* stream.

But the proud billows foam along
The angry sea, less fierce and strong ;
Not with that noise assault the sky,
Nor roar so loud, nor roll so high ;
As the deep floods thy hand has led,
To break, and burst above my head.

Yet tho' each day I dread the grave,
Each day thy arm is stretch'd to save !
Still may thy mercies from the skies
Break forth, and with each morn arise ;
Which my glad soul shall take delight
To sing, and mention to the night.

Let me no more in sighs complain
Thy arm is weak ; or succour vain !

O'erwhelm'd with every bitter woe,
 And the low scorn of every foe ;
 Let them no more my sadness see,
 By grief subdued ; forgot by thee!

Life leaves my fainting breathless heart,
 My smitten joints asunder part,
 To hear the scorner proudly cry,
 Where is thy God ? how far his sky ?
 Whose smiles did once thy bosom warm ;
 What is his might ; and where his arm ?

P S A L M XC VII.

JEHOVAH reigns ! thou earth rejoice,
 Ye numerous isles your incense bring !
 Bend low the knee, exalt the voice ;
 To own the God, and praise the *King* !

His works in sweetest songs repeat,
 His fame diffuse, and wonders own,
 Who chuses darkness for his seat,
 And clouds to shade his royal throne.

Judgment

Judgment and truth, that beauteous pair,
Which with each heavenly charm beguile,
Shine at his footstool always fair,
And round his throne for ever smile!

That none his terrors may abide,
Fierce flames his arm around him throws;
Dreadfully glare on every side,
To scatter and confound his foes;

Whene'er his fearful lightnings blaze,
Whose shafts his anger does inspire,
All nature feels a dire amaze,
To view the red reluctant fire!

Not the strong earth, or aged deep,
As now his arrows cross the sky,
Or hills, their seat can longer keep,
Prepar'd to melt away, or fly!

All worlds, submissive to thy will,
Thy glories sing, or terrors fear;
The heavens above thy judgments fill,
The earth beneath thy mercies cheer.

Curst be his impious hand, who throws
Rich incense on the idols shrine ;
His gifts ungratefully bestows
On any altar else but thine !

Each fabled *god* of gold or stone,
Thy jealous fury shall devour ;
Who, bending low before thy throne,
Shall bless thy name, or feel thy power,

All *Sion* round has heard with joy
Thy voice, thy wond'rous works declare ;
Thy arm how mighty to destroy,
Thy boundless love, how fond to spare !

Let kings, who to the dust belong,
No more with him in glory vie ;
Confess his arm more fear'd and strong,
His dreadful throne more bright and high !

Who make fair *Sion's* God their choice,
All guilt abhor, each error fly ;
Nor own him only with their voice,
And with polluted hearts deny :

His

His arm is both a helm and shield,
He does around the upright throw ;
A sure and strong defence to yield
Against the bold and impious foe.

Whene'er he does his smiles impart,
To those who own and bless his sky,
Gladness dilates each beating heart,
And light springs up in every eye.

With joy before his presence stand,
With early vows prevent the day ;
'Tis all his justice does demand,
And all our grateful lips can pay.

PSALM CXXX.

FROM the dark chambers of the deep,
Where sorrow dwells ; and terrors sleep,
I pour, great G O D, a bitter groan ;
Unfold thy heavens ; and hear my moan !

Tho' here I pine, o'erwhelm'd with woe,
Thy pitying eye can pierce as low ;

Tho'

Tho' here I chuse a wretched grave,
Even here thy mighty arm can save!

Who cou'd thy wrath one hour abide
By thy strict law, with rigour try'd?

Who the sad sentence undergo,
If thy stern justice was his foe?

But oh, to calm the guilty heart,
Thy mercy turns away the dart,
Which thy strong arm in wrath prepar'd,
To be the sinner's sad reward.

To thy lov'd heaven, and beauteous sky,
I lift my soul, and turn my eye;
Patient, till thou, whose arm I trust,
Shalt smile, and take me from the dust;

Before the early morn does rise,
Or streaks with gold the eastern skies,
In raptures I thy mercies own,
And pour my heart before thy throne!

Oh *Israel*, vain each god beside,
Make him thy dear defence and guide!

Who

Who kills, or rescues from the grave ;
Strong to avenge, or kind to save !

Tho' justice may his fate decree,
His mercy sets the sinner free !

To the sad heart his love unfolds,
Forgives each sin — or not beholds.

PSALM CVII. *From the 22d to
the 30th Verse.*

WIDE as the spacious earth is spread,
Far as the sun its light displays,
Thy works, great God, are seen with dread ;
Thy mighty wonders told with praise ;
And while each knee with reverence bends,
The heart, inspir'd with joy, attends !

Who sail the loud unfathom'd deep,
With sighs implore thy arm to save ;
In their sad thought each terror keep,
And hear thy voice in every wave ;
Or when it swells the angry tide,
Or bids the sinking surge subside.

Up to the heavens, a fearful way,
The winds the reeling vessel blow ;
'Till broke the wave on which it lay,
It sinks as swift and falls as low ;
Down from the sea's enormous steep,
To the dire shallows of the deep ;

Rock'd to and fro, from wave to wave,
The aking heart begins to fear,
(Each billow seeming now a grave)
With trembling sighs, that death is near,
Since the wild tempest to restrain
Each arm is weak ; all art in vain !

Raging the sea ; uncalm'd the wind,
Where shall frail man for succour fly ;
Where in his anguish hope to find
Relief, but from thy pitying sky ?
Which, smiling now, dispels his fears,
And turns to joy the wretch's tears.

As he ordains, the sulphurous cloud
No more with direful thunder roars ;
While his almighty voice more loud
Confines the sea, within its shores ;

Bids

Bids the proud wave its limits keep,
And smooths each horror of the deep.

New joy each ravish'd heart does feel,
New life inspires each beating breast,
As he directs the bounding keel,
To the safe harbour, where to rest ;
Which, free from every dread, derides
The threat'ning storm ; and angry tides !

PSALM CXXVIII.

WHOMER the paths of virtue tread,
Invoke their God with pious dread ;
Shall share those smiles, which still impart
A joy, to man's transported heart !

Beneath his kind indulgence plac'd,
What their hand sows, their lips shall taste ;
Their grateful voice his bounty sing ;
While blessings from their labour spring !

As the rich vine with clusters bends,
Which up thy verdant wall ascends ;

Thy wife shall ever please thy view,
As beauteous and as fruitful too.

Thy children round thy eye shall stand,
And hear with joy each soft command ;
Upon thy bosom smiling rest,
And cheer each ravish'd parent's breast.

Each gift, heaven's bounteous hand shall shed,
Upon the lov'd adorer's head ;
His virtues crown ; and actions blest,
With great events and fair success !

Salem's rich towers his eye shall see
With pomp adorn'd ; from tumults free ;
While round her walls her God does shower
A fair encrease of fame and power.

His childrens race he shall behold
Around his knee their smiles unfold ;
Plenty restor'd ; dire battles cease,
And happy *Zion* crown'd with peace.

PSALM CXLII.

To thee, great God, with bitter cries,
My plaints I tell, and griefs disclose,
Unfolding to thy distant skies
My soul, with all its num'rous woes!
My sadness with the light begun,
Nor ended, when the day is done.

As down each cheek my sorrows show'r,
Sprung from a sad despairing breast,
To thee, my dire complaints I pour,
Which rob my eye each night of rest;
Each other arm infirm or vain,
On thine I rest — to thee complain.

When faint and weak my spirit chose
In silent paths to weep alone;
Thy eye cou'd there behold my woes,
Thy ear bear witness to my moan.
Yet not my sighs, nor my despair
Cou'd guard me from the scorner's snare.

I threw

I threw my gushing eyes around
On every side, in hopes to find
Some to suppress my tears, but found,
Man's succour vain, or man unkind;
Tho' once in bliss and glory thron'd,
Its wretched king each eye disown'd:

Tho' to the deepest shade I bend
My steps, or to the darkness hast;
Amazing terrors which attend
My dangerous path, pursue as fast;
I fly, but ah, no art I find
To leave my following cares behind.

To thee I bend, with dread oppress,
Great God; to whom it does belong
To give the pious mourner rest,
To aid the weak, or crush the strong;
The portion, and the hope of all
That on thy name in sadness call,

Oh, bend from heaven a father's ear,
Reach out that arm on which I trust,
My groans attend, my sorrows hear,
Oh smile, and lift me from the dust!

In mercy stop the flying dart,
The foe has levell'd at my heart.

Snatch me from death's amazing pain,
My anxious soul from darkness bring ;
That rais'd by thee I may again
Adore thy love, and goodness sing.
Smile thou, to ease my troubled mind,
And man, like thee, will soon be kind.

P S A L M CXII.

To *Sion's* God let man draw near
With humble hopes, and reverent fear ;
With blifs and every blessing crown'd
Belov'd by heaven ; on earth renown'd ;
Happy himself, his eye shall view
With joy his race as happy too.

While others pine, around his head
Plenty her fullest stream shall shed ;
Fair wealth, the beauteous child of peace,
Shall fill his house, with large encrease ;
'Till death, each mercy to endure ;
Since he, that gave 'em, can secure.

To

To him who guides his steps aright,
From the dark shade springs up a light ;
Who, with heaven's kindest bounty bless'd,
Joys, to revive the soul distress'd ;
Does to the sad his gifts impart
And tries to sooth the mourner's heart.

Crown'd by his God with fair success,
He takes the same delight to bless ;
His hand still ready to supply
His smiles to cheer the wretch's eye ;
Pleas'd to unbind the captive's chain,
And ease the heart o'erwhelm'd with pain.

Whatever ills the guilty fear,
The just, without a terror, hear,
Their deeds shall future annals grace ;
Nor time their fair renown deface ;
To flourish, 'till around the pole
The stars, and sun forget to roll.

No threaten'd woes molest their heart,
Tho' near their head the flying dart,
Wing'd with dire speed, and fury goes,
Secure, while all their num'rous foes

In

In death a due reward shall meet,
And sink expiring at their feet.

That mercy which their hand extends,
That gen'rous aid, their pity lends ;
Each goodness which their bounty deals,
The tear it stops, and wound it heals,
Shall every action greatly crown
With lasting wreaths, and long renown.

Their bliss, the sinners to survey
Shall fret with rage, and pine away ;
With meagre envy vex'd consume ;
E're fate has yet decreed their doom ;
Whelm'd under every grief, expire,
With vain, and unfulfill'd desire.

P S A L M CXIII.

BEGIN, my soul, a glorious flight,
Sublime thy wing, thy pinions strong!
Let heaven's eternal King delight
To hear, and listen to the song,
Whose sacred verse, and solemn sound,
Spreads his great fame to worlds around.

G

Where

Where springs the morn, those realms shall bless
His name, who bid the morn arise :

His might, those regions tell, no less

Where the sun's ebbing lustre dies ;

Which all the earth's wide empires own,

Beneath the scorch'd, and freezing zone,

Ye earthly kings, with him no more

In pomp or regal lustre vie ;

But humbly at his throne adore,

More strongly built ; and plac'd more high :

The heavens his glories scarce sustain ;

The earth his footstool, where ye reign.

Yet tho' he dwells in fearful light,

Where constellations round him glow,

From thence his mercy takes delight

To visit wretched man below,

His eye oft cuts the midnight shade,

To bless those worlds his hand has made.

He with a parent's pitying care,

In which the sad and pious trust,

Oft lifts the mourner from despair,

The weak and aged from the dust ;

Does

Sacred HYMNS.

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Does the proud rulers strength disown ;
And sets the simple on his throne.

The fruitless womb his kind command
Does oft with breathing life inspire ;
While children round the mother stand,
And glad the aged hopeless fire !
Each ravish'd parent's cares beguile,
And round their crowded table smile.

PSALM CXXVI.

WHEN heaven the mighty work had wrought,
And *Zion's* sons from bondage brought ;
Gave the glad tribes with joy to see
Their chains unbound, and *Israel* free ;
As a vain dream the work they view,
And scarce believe the wonder true !
In *Judah's* vales as now they stand,
Their dear, and long forgotten land ;
With joy her smiling fields they gaze,
Yet tell their joy with some amaze ;
Amidst their raptures ; mix'd with pain,
Still think they feel the victor's chain.

The nations round his arm confess
 Almighty, who does *Zion* bless;
 The strange deliv'rance to compleat
 His power supreme, and mercy great;
 Which does each grateful tongue employ,
 And swells each *Hebrew* heart with joy.

Oh, still to *Israel's* race be kind;
 Restore her captives yet behind!

That each sad weeping eye may know
 A day of bliss, for years of woe.

Their God with joyful hearts adore;
 Where sorrows only dwelt before.

P S A L M CXXIV.

HAD *Judah's* God with-held his might,
 Nor arm'd with every terror rose,
 Not led our legions forth to fight,
 Nor with his sword amaz'd our foes,
 Our vanquish'd armies taught to yield
 Had fill'd with death each bloody field.

Each

Each cruel victor's thirsty blade
Had dipt its point in *Hebrew* gore ;
Our weeping sons their captives made,
Our daughters all in triumph bore ;
Had he, by gen'rous pity led,
Refus'd to aid us, when we bled.

Too weak our armies to controul
The rage of our insulting foes ;
~~Above our sad astonish'd soul~~
Sunk with despair the floods had rose ;
Directed o'er our heads to flow,
And whelm'd in death our troops below.

But his almighty voice more loud
Appeas'd the outrage of the wave ;
The victor quell'd, restrain'd the proud,
And, to the vanquish'd, lawrels gave ;
From the weak conqueror tore away,
By his strong arm, the rescu'd prey.

Our joyful sons, no more in dread,
Thy might, oh matchless King, declare,
For *Sion's* sure destruction spread,
Whose hand has rent the midnight snare ;

No

No more each nation's scorn, by thee
Our chains are broke; and *Israel* free.

The God, who gave the heavens their birth,
Bids *Zion's* strong foundations stand;
The God, who rais'd the spacious earth
And mighty sea, at one command
Bids her proud walls, each foe despise,
Firm as those hills, on which they rise.

PSALM LXXVII. *From Verse 10
to the end.*

WHEN overwhelm'd with grief I lie,
And from weak man no succour find,
I blame, great God, thy partial sky,
And call the heavens and thee unkind.

I ask my heart o'ercharg'd with woe,
My steps fast tending to the grave,
Why thy kind mercies cease to flow,
And why thy hand forgets to save.

If at thy altars as I bend,
And, trembling there, thy aid implore,
No smile shall from thy eye descend,
No looks of pity cheer me more?

Does he, that promis'd man to bless,
Forget the promise which he made?
To the sad heart refuse access,
And hide himself behind his shade?

But oh, my sadness to subdue,
Thy tender mercies I unfold;
Read o'er thy works, thy wonders view,
And call to mind thy deeds of old.

To ease my heart, with joy I tell
(Now calming every anxious thought)
How much thou do'st in fame excell,
What mighty things thy arm has wrought.

The sons of *Jacob's* fav'rite race
Thy power adore and Godhead own;
Confess thy might supreme, and place
Their safety in thy strength alone.

Bending

Bending from heaven thy glorious way,
The floods beheld thee with surprize ;
The troubled waters fled away
To shun the brightness of thy eyes.

Far from thy dreadful steps with fear,
The depths in dire confusion flew ;
And as their God in wrath drew near,
The waves amaz'd, as fast withdrew.

At thy approach, devouring show'rs
Of rapid fire from heaven descend ;
While from the cloud, thy lightning pours ;
And the wide air, thy thunders rend.

Thy flames and arrows sent abroad,
All nature shake with conscious fear ;
Proclaim the presence of a God,
And tell the earth, that thou art near.

Beneath the loud and lowest deep,
Thy footsteps oft our eye can trace ;
Who do'st the sea's dark chambers keep,
To be thy secret dwelling place.

Like

Like fairest flocks, at thy command,
In lovely vales thy people fed;
From Nile, by Moses' potent hand
And Aaron's voice to Zion led.

PSALM CXLIV.

GREAT God! my surest stay and might,
Who do'st my strength in battle stand,
Of power in ev'ry dreadful fight
To swell my heart and guide my hand!
From thee my arm its vigour gains,
To load with death the hostile plains.

The sword, the shield, the high-built tower,
The fortress chosen by the brave,
Tho' strong and firm, yet want a power
Like thy almighty arm to save;
When spears prove weak, thy hand, our trust;
Our stay, when rocks are turn'd to dust.

Oh, say from off thy golden skies,
That with full light for ever glow,
How can'st thou turn thy glorious eyes
To view man's wretched race below?

H

Sprun;

Sprung from the earth ; of vapours made,
And the thin shadows of a shade.

To prove thy might, great God, descend,
Reveal thy arm, thy wonders shew ;

Touch but the hills, the hills shall bend,
Beneath thy feet, and flame below.

The fearful mountains, all on fire,
Burn at thy sight, or else retire.

Whene'er thy fatal lightnings blaze,
Mankind begin to dread their doom ;

Thy arrows pierce, thy shafts amaze,
The world, and, like thy voice, consume,
Shot by thy arm from off the sky,
Scatt'ring pale death, where'er they fly.

Beneath thy guardian wings above,
From the dire foe my virtue keep,
And let thy arm, and let thy love
Release me from the whelming deep.

Oh, bid the treach'rous tongue be still ;
And damp the arm stretch'd out to kill !

For

Sacred HYMNS.

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For this, my voice and heart shall join,
And songs of sweetest praise bestow,
Their numbers, and their musick thine,
Whence life, and all life's blessings flow;
Pleas'd in eternal hymns to sing
All natures God, and *Israel's* King;

From thee, the laurels that I wear
Receive their fairest freshest bloom;
By thee, each rival which I fear
Shall sink in dust, and meet his doom;
Do thou the warrior's rage restrain,
His sword is weak, his courage vain.

Oh, may our sons, each parent's pride,
Like plants, beside clear waters grow;
Our daughters like the polish'd side
Of the fair temple's columns shew!
Those with their arm the foe repel,
In beauty these as much excel.

Oh, multiply blest'd *Judah's* store,
That without want her tribes may feed!
That her rich flocks, untold before,
By thousands on her hills may breed;

Let her thick herds the mountains fold ;
Her vales look fair with sheafs of gold.

Strengthen'd by thee, his toil to bear,
May the strong ox the yoke sustain ;
No sad complaints our *Zion* hear,
The orphan's sigh, or captive's chain ;
Gladness from every voice resound ;
And all her streets with joy abound.

Happy, blest'd *Israel*'s fav'rite race,
By no insulting foe oppress'd,
Who in thy arm their safety place,
By thy indulgent mercies blest'd,
Who live, where great *Jehovah* reigns ;
Whose peace the GOD of GODS maintains.

PSALM CXXXVII.

WHILE near *Euphrates*' winding stream,
Swell'd with our tears, we pensive lay,
By night sad *Sion* was our theme,
And *Judah*'s vanquish'd realms, by day !

The flow'ry banks on which we sleep,
For *Jordan's* flood, awake our moan;
And viewing *Syria's* vales, we weep,
Those vales are like, but not our own.

Silent and sad, our harps unstrung,
Close to the willows side we bound;
Which mov'd with pity, as they hung,
Breath'd from each string a mournful sound.

Oh, hear our dire insulting foe,
To multiply our bitter pains,
Command us in our utmost woe,
To please their ear with *Zion's* strains!

Inspire again, the victors cry,
Those solemn notes, that us'd to raise
Your monarch's fame, when to the sky,
Your musick bore *Jehovah's* praise.

Far from his lost, his wretched land,
Whose tongue shall heaven's great Regent sing?
Whose pensive voice, whose trembling hand,
Or swell the note, or wake the string?

Oh,

Oh, beauteous *Salem*, once renown'd,
 But now the haughty conqueror's prize;
 If from our heart thy dearest sound,
 Or lov'd *Idea* ever flies;

If tortur'd by the scornful foe,
 We mix not with our mournful tales,
 To fill our breast with pleasing woe,
 Thy silver springs, and fertile vales;

May every tongue that weeps thy fate
 Be, in eternal silence, bound;
 Each curious hand its skill abate,
 So long in every art renown'd.

The sighs we breathe, and tears we shower,
 (To moan thy fall, when now enclin'd,)
 Tho' sad and frequent, want a power
 To drive thy image from our mind.

Oh, whet thy sword, thy arm display,
 Great God, thy keenest shafts prepare
 Against proud *Edom's* sons, that they
 May feel, like us, extreme despair!

Oh

Oh,

Oh, call to mind the haughty sound,
(Thy altars, nor thy presence own'd)
Threat'ning to level with the ground
That temple, where thou liv'st enthron'd.
Bless'd he, who in their bosom stains
His sword, to make their ruin sure;
And gives each heart those throbbing pains
That *Israel's* wretched race endure.
Their sons no eye shall then bemoan,
(Tho' moisten'd long with grief and tears)
When dash'd against th' unpitying stone,
Or smoaking on our bloody spears.

PSALM XLVI.

GOD is our strong defence and tower,
Our sword and shield, his might and power;
While he their fury does restrain,
Man's arm is weak; and man is vain.

Whose heart shall any terror fear,
Whose eye be sad, when he is near?

Tho'

Tho' the fix'd earth no longer stay,
But from his presence flies away ;

Altho' the raging tempest sweep
The fearful hills into the deep,
Whose high and whelming billows hide
Their drowned tops beneath the tide ;

Tho' the loud waves begin to swell,
Where with huge noise the mountains fell ;
Their peace the upright shall maintain ;
When fear, and horrors shake the main.

To *Salem's* towers his hand does bring,
Thro' fertile meads, the silver spring ;
Which round her walls in murmurs plays,
And gladness to each eye conveys.

The city which his arms embrace,
His sacred rest, and dwelling place,
Transported hears the waters flow,
And views with joy the streams below.

Taught by his presence to deride
The victor's rage, and mortal pride,

No

No strength her bulwarks shall deface,
Where he has chose his strength to place.

Tho' the fierce nations of our foes
Her beauties scorn ; and walls enclose,
Speak thou, and whelm'd with dire dismay,
The warrior's heart shall melt away.

The God, that damps the hero's pride
In battle, fights on *Israel's* side ;
Throws o'er his head the shadowing shield
In the dire war, and bleeding field.

See on each plain with slaughter red,
His kindling vengeance heaps the dead ;
By whose consuming breath decreed,
The nations fall, and mighty bleed.

His awful voice, from off the skies,
Now bids the dreadful battle rise ;
'Till the wide world, his fury o'er,
Is hush'd in peace ; and war no more.

His breath, in anger when he speaks,
Unbends the bow ; the arrow breaks ;

Does

Does to vile dust the victor turn ;
And bids the warrior chariot burn.

As *He* in wrath reveals his will,
Tremble, thou earth ! ye seas be still.
Exalt his name, by whose command,
Your billows foam, and mountains stand.

The God, that damps the hero's pride
In battle, fights on *Israel's* side ;
Throws o'er his head the shadowing shield,
In the dark fight ; and bleeding field.

PSALM LXV.

WHERE *Sion's* lofty towers ascend,
And mingle with the golden skies,
Our knees to God in worship bend,
Each day our rich oblations rise.
There at his shrine those gifts we lay,
Each grateful heart had vow'd to pay.

To him the sad in sighs repair,
Reveal their woes, and pangs impart ;
And, in the fervency of prayer,
Throw wide, and open all their heart ;

Before

Before his throne their griefs repeat,
Knowing his mercies full as great.

Thrice happy ! whom beneath thy care

No sorrows damp, or ills oppress ;

Whom rescu'd from extreme despair,

Thy pity chuses out to bless !

Their ravish'd hearts no terrors fear,

Whom thy fair courts, and presence chear.

A thousand signs thy arm of old,

Of its strong might and vigour, gave ;

To us thy wonders too unfold,

Fierce to avenge, or fond to save ;

Who do'st on earth our steps sustain ;

And guide us, when we cross the main.

Firm on their base, by his command,

The cloud-dividing mountains rise ;

Built strong by his puissant hand,

They soar aloft, and meet the skies ;

He does the floods in prisons keep,

And stills the roarings of the deep.

662 *Sacred HYMNS.*

His voice the conscious ocean knows;
 Which, rolling now in all its pride,
 By the same mighty voice it rose,
 By the same voice again subsides.
 Who, with its billows, does allay
 Man's rage, as wild and loud as they;
 Who tread the utmost verge of earth
 Shall tremble at thy fearful signs;
 Or where the morning takes her birth;
 Or where the day each eve declines;
 Each region where the sun displays
 His glorious light shall sing thy praise.
 By thee each cloud in plenty pours
 Its streams of soft descending rain;
 To bless the earth, whose gentle showers
 Make green the hill, and clothe the plain;
 Bid the gay spring its buds unfold,
 And load each field with waving gold.
 Each river, which thy bounty fills
 With waters, boasts from thee a power,
 As thro' the glebe its juice distills,
 To swell the grain, and wake the flower;
From

From whence a thousand births arise,
To cheer man's heart, and charm his eyes.

On the earth's fruitful bosom thrown,
Heaven's drops inspire the mellow'd soil;
Whose richness does thy bounty own,
Kind to repay the reaper's toil;
Who sees with joy his harvests waye;
Swell'd with those dews thy ev'nings gave.

The clouds, obedient to thy will,

Give to each vale a large encrease;
With verdure clothe the naked hill,
And make the barren desert please;
Bless'd by the influence of the sphere,
Thy goodness crowns the lusty year.

Each beauteous part of nature round

Thy hand with various gifts does fill;
With golden sheafs the plains abound
Beneath; with flocks the rising hill.
That answer every human need,
And clothe mankind, as well as feed.

P S A L M XXIX.

YE mighty, who the nations sway,
 And stretch your rule o'er every land;
 A name more mighty yet obey
 The God, who gave you your command.

Prostrate before his footstool lye,
 And, as your victims are decreed,
 His altars with rich blood to dye,
 Pay him due worship as they bleed.

'Tis he, whose word and fearful voice
 The tumult of the waves restrains;
 Who calms the madding ocean's noise,
 And strongly holds the flood in chains;

He sits above the starry pole,
 His seat for ever to endure;
 Who calmly hears his thunders roll,
 Amaz'd the earth; himself secure.

As his almighty word commands,
 The seas are hush'd; or fly away;
 While on their shoar whatever stands
 Attends with dread, as well as they!!

As

As from the cloud his voice descends,
Trembling the earth ; confus'd the skies,
The sound the lofty cedars rends,
And the strong hill, on which they rise.

Not *Libanon*, thy tow'ring height,
Which, like a cloud, aloft does show
Thy fear, or terrors cou'd abate
When he in anger spoke below.

Rock'd from thy base, the herds that breed
Near thy green pastures haste away ;
Thy top, whereon they joy'd to feed,
Shook, and amaz'd as much as they.

Tho' the rude storm the forest bears ;
Unmov'd can hear the tempest's noise ;
Those trees the furious whirlwind spares
Thy fierce, and stronger breath destroys.

The wilderness in pieces tore,
Its oaks all shiver'd on the ground,
Can bear the angry blast no more,
Conscious, that God was in the sound.

His

His wrath disclosing from the skies,
The fearful hind with terror stung,
To the dark covert trembling flies,
And drops her faint untimely young!

His seat prepar'd above the cloud,
The seas from thence he does survey;
His mighty voice more strong and loud,
More terrible to man, than they.

Each after each, a race of dust,
By turns earth's monarchs die, and spring;
That name, that God in whom we trust,
Lives still ador'd: for ever King.

Each work, in which his arm excels,
Tho' every voice attempts to raise,
Yet where his dreadful glory dwells,
His temple, sounds with loudest praise.

From him our hand receives its might,
Our troops success, and swords renown;
Who gives us triumph in the fight,
Then does with peace that triumph crown.

PSALM VI.

To yonder hills, that reach the sky,
 I lift my voice, my eyes I bend;
 Where sits inthron'd the God on high,
 Whose mercy does my soul defend.

Who gave the heavens their wond'rous birth,
 With heaven his glories to endure,
 Who call'd from shades the beauteous earth,
 Is he who does my peace secure.

With kindest love who guides aright
 My erring steps, no slumber knows;
 By day still watchful, and by night
 Who ne'er permits his eye to close.

From his strong arm which damps below
 The pride and pomp of earthly kings,
 Does my deliv'rance ever flow,
 And Judah's great redemption springs.

The scorching flames, that burn by day,
 Upon my brow shall never light;
 Nor the red fires my soul dismay,
 That kindle half the heavens by night.

K

Tho'

Tho' num'rous ills my head surround,
 The wasting plague, and venom'd dart,
 My God shall every foe confound,
 Drive every anguish from my heart.
 His voice their fury shall allay
 Who thirst to drink my guiltless gore;
 My God, my great defence to day,
 My light and shield for evermore.

PSALM CXXXIX.

By thy surrounding watchful eyes,
 Great God, are all my counsels read;
 Both when I sit, and when I rise,
 Thy pow'r I own, and presence dread.
 In the deep foldings of my heart,
 Each secret guilt, and dark design,
 I may conceal with care and art
 From human search, but not from thine.

The midnight couch on which I sleep;
The lonesome paths thro' which I stray,
From thee, my errors cannot keep,
Whose shades are light; whose darkness day.

E're yet my words have utterance found,
Thy eye into my heart can see;
My formless thoughts, e're cloth'd with sound,
All mark'd, and open all to thee.

My curious frame thy hand has wrought,
Which owns thy work, and speaks thy praise;
Each part too high for human thought
To form, or human art to raise.

Such wonders of thy love and might
The heart of man shall ne'er explore;
Such wisdom, hid from human sight,
We cannot learn — but may adore.

Where then shall I direct my sight,
To what dark space of nature fly;
Unmark'd by thy pursuing sight,
Conceal'd from thy all-seeing eye?

If with an eagle's strength I soar,
And to thy heavens could find a way
I view myself with light all o'er,
Encompass'd round with thee and day!

If to the horrid shades of hell
I chuse for safety to retire,
There does thy radiant presence dwell,
Turning the dusky gloom to fire!

Or shou'd thy wrath my soul afright,
Beneath the sea's resounding wave;
In hopes, conceal'd from human sight,
To find a refuge, or a grave!

Thy hand and eye wou'd both pursue
My steps below the cloven main;
Its depths laid open to thy view,
Where man, vain man, lies hid in vain;

Nor shall my impious heart presume,
In shades of night myself to hide;
Since thou can'st cut the midnight gloom,
And with one look the cloud divide.

Tho'

Tho' darkness may the globe surround,
And quench the sun's extinguish'd ray ;
Yet, to thy eye, the circuit round
The wide expansion flames with day !

To thee, inclos'd in radiant light,
All nature still appears the same ;
Or when the sun retires at night ;
Or when the morn brings back his flame.

P S A L M CXXXVI.

BE *Jacob's* God thy wond'rous theme,
The God above all gods supreme !
To man his mercies ever sure,
With time his glories to endure.

Select his worthy acts to sing,
The world's great Ruler ; *Israel's* King ;
Thy voice at once and bosom fire
With raptures, which his deeds inspire !

Whatever great thou dost behold,
What wond'rous now, or wrought of old ;

By

By his strong arm was brought to light ;
Or by his word, or by his might ;

The golden heavens, that flame above,
Were rais'd by his unbounded love ;
Confessing, as they round us shine,
The hand that fram'd 'em was divine.

The earth that does the sea inclose,
At his almighty call, arose ;
From west to east began her flight,
And sprung from darkness into light.

The glorious lamps that blaze on high,
The beauteous orbs which light the sky,
Each conscious whence its lustre sprung,
By his great word aloft was sprung.

He first ordain'd, with silver light,
A train of stars to dress the night ;
Which chase the gloomy shades away,
And with their brightness rival day.

His hand their guide, the chosen band
Of *Israel* left the *Memphian* strand ;

Whom

Whom now proud Nile no more detains,
On his curst shore, in servile chains.

Whose word but his could cleave the tide,
Or bid the op'ning waves divide?
The ocean's boundless rage restrain
Or curb the madness of the main.

To yield the rescue'd tribes a way
The waves no more their passage stay;
Which o'er proud Pharaoh's head resound,
And whelm his host in gulphs profound.

Up-lifted long, the floods no more
Are to themselves a chrystal shore;
But, rushing backward, now inclose
The tyrant's power, and Jacob's foes.

He, through the waste, his people brings,
The desert now refreshed with springs;
Where-e'er their wondrous journey lies,
Green herbage sprouts, and fountains rise.

As now they move by his command,
To reach fair Judah's distant land;

Not *Sehon's* arm, nor he who sway'd;
Basan's wide realm, their progress stay'd.

By him, their sudden doom decreed,
 The princes fall; and valiant bleed;
 And earth's proud kings, man's empty trust,
 Lie down in death, and sleep in dust.

The vanquish'd kingdoms of his foes;
 On *Jacob's* race, his love bestows;
 Whose voice the nations now attend,
 And to the *Ugitar's* scepter bend.

His shield, above our armies spread,
 Secures from dangers, and from dread;
 Does to each breast a strength impart,
 And drives pale fear from every heart.

To man his bounty kindly gives
 Wherewith he joys; whereon he lives.
 Each creature else with food supplies;
 Thronging the earth, or sea, or skies.

Oh, to the God of gods still raise
 Your solemn song; your sacred praise;

Still

Still let the Lord, of lords supreme,
Be your delight ; as well as theme !

PSALM XCIII.

YE earthly kings, your pride restrain,
And humbly own *Jehovah's* reign ;
Who, chuses, for his bright attire,
A radiant robe of fearful fire !

Oh, bend before that mighty name,
Whose arm is strength ! whose garment flame ;
On whom man's eye can never gaze,
Without remorse, or dire amaze !

Each impious nation to afright,
He girds himself with matchless might ;
Almighty wrath, resistless power,
His arms, proud empires to devour ;

The stedfast earth, on which we move,
Rose from his kind creating love ;
Which, on her base, shall rest secure,
And, like the orbs above, endure ;

L

Before

Before the birth of early time,
 Thy throne was built in heav'n sublime ;
 With clouds of glory overcast ;
 By thee begun, with thee to last.

Altho' the floods, with dreadful noise,
 Spread wide their rage, and lift their voice,
 The shoar unable to restrain
 The fury of the roaring main ;

The God, that dwells in yonder cloud,
 Has yet a voice more strong and loud ;
 Who to the surge its fury gave,
 And can appease its proudest wave.

One glance from his commanding eye
 Bids the wild ocean peaceful lye ;
 Their bounds th' obedient billows keep ;
 Calming the outrage of the deep.

PSALM

PSALM CXLVII.

WITH choirs above, and angels join'd,
In songs *Jehovah's* might to raise,
What can the bless'd adorer find
More comely, than to sing his praise;
Within whose reach all nature lies;
Who fram'd the earth; and spread the skies.

His arm shall *Sion's* walls repair,
Tho' scatter'd now her ruins lie;
Build every beauteous spire more fair,
And every lofty tow'r more high;
In safety home her captives bring,
To bow before bless'd *Israel's* King!

His hand the wretch's wound does bind,
Does to the weak new strength impart;
Well pleas'd to calm the troubled mind,
And to revive the broken heart;
Whose mercy takes delight to save,
And call the dying from the grave.

The beauteous stars, with golden light,
Along the azure heavens that flame,
He numbers o'er each joyful night,
And gives each star a glorious name ;
Knows their bright progress thro' the sky,
Whence they return, and where they fly.

Nothing our G O D excels in might,
With his strong arm, in strength can vie ;
Nothing can soar so great a height,
Unless his wisdom is as high.
Who does the proud in wrath confound ;
And lifts the humble from the ground.

Oh wake the harp ! each golden string,
His praise repeat in solemn strains ;
Who o'er the heaven's a cloud does bring,
And pours on earth his fruitful rains,
To raise the springing herb, decreed ;
To glad the flocks ; weak man to feed.

The herds that graze the lofty hills,
Or chuse more lov'd the nether plains
His bounteous love with herbage fills,
And the wild raven's young sustains ;

Nurs'd

Nurs'd by his care, she leaves her brood ;
Who, from his hand, receive their food.

His scornful eye takes no delight
The horse's beauty to behold ;
Too weak and vain to please his sight
The swift, the valiant, or the bold.
Beyond the great, he loves the just ;
And those who make his arm their trust.

Oh *Sion* ! chuse thy noblest song,
On him, thy sweetest praise bestow ;
Who makes thy gates with iron strong,
And guards thy walls from every foe.
Who does with grace thy sons adorn ;
And vows to bless thy race unborn.

His voice shall still the battle's rage,
Bid discord end, and tumults cease ;
The madness of the war assuage
And crown thy fields with smiling peace.
Thy sons at rest allow'd to feed
On the rich sheafs thy furrows breed.

Swift

Swift to the earth's extremest bound,
His dread commands, like light'ning, fly ;
Of his great pow'r proclaim the sound
To worlds remote, and regions nigh.
Which round, his wond'rous acts repeat ;
How just his laws ! his might how great !

From the chill'd air the fleecy snow,
Like wool, in downy flakes descends ;
While from his heaven to worlds below
Keen frosts, his voice, like ashes, sends ;
Who can his winters rage sustain,
Nor shrink beneath the shudd'ring pain.

But softer seasons now arise,
Warm'd by the vig'rous melting sun ;
Again th' unfetter'd current flies,
The stream again begins to run ;
While from the west kind Zephires blow,
And give the floods once more to flow.

To *Sion* he his will reveals,
Where his own Godhead does reside ;
Not thus with heathen nations deals,
Or any fav'rite realm beside ;

In

Sacred HYMNS.

79

In *Israel* all his judgments shown,
To every nation else unknown.

PSALM XC.

FROM age to age, thou, mighty Lord,
Do'st to frail man thy arm afford;
Whate'er we act, where'er we go,
A guard and refuge from the foe.

Before the spacious earth was spread,
Or mountains rais'd their lofty head,
E're yet the num'rous worlds on high
Began their progress thro' the sky.

Thou then wast God; thy awful name,
For ever hallow'd; still the same;
Whom now we sing! and shall adore,
When thou art still, but time no more.

To day, at thy commanding breath,
We sleep in dust; and yield to death;
Our beauty at thy word resign,
Too weak to combat wrath divine;

To

To morrow, calming now thy ire,
Thou do'st our clay with life inspire,
Giving again our ravish'd eye
To bless thy works, and view the sky.

As ages past thou do'st survey,
A thousand years are scarce a day ;
Which seem like shadows to thy sight ;
Or dreams, when chas'd away by light.

Just as the stream is bore away,
Our life rolls on ; and we decay ;
As the fair flower, our eye admires
Each morn, which yet at eve expires !

Oh, wither not our ages bloom ;
For in thy anger we consume,
Too weak to bear thy blasting breath ;
Thy dire rebuke, man's instant death.

'Tis thine with terrors to controul
The haughty heart ; and guilty soul ;
Amaze and grief, and fear to shed
Around the trembling sinner's head ;

The secret sins which we enfold;
Deep in our heart, we can behold;
Hid from the world, they open lie
To thy all-seeing won'drous eye.

Our strength altho' we now admire,
Speak thou in wrath, and we expire;
Our youth decays; our life is o'er,
And man, frail man, is now no more.

To fourscore years, tho' we arrive,
'Tis then our grief, we are alive;
Yet cannot long life's toil endure,
So weak our strength! the grave so sure.

Robb'd of each bliss, we then sustain
Each scene of sadness and of pain;
Which does our wretched age consume,
Nor lost, till lost within a tomb.

Whose voice in limits shall confine
Almighty power, or rage divine?
The anger of the Godhead bound,
Which does the weak, and strong confound?

M

When

When thy displeasure gives us pain,
'Tis greater, than our fears can feign :
Pouring on his astonish'd head
Those ills, man's heart cou'd never dread.

Oh, teach us from the years w' have past,
With care to manage well our last ;
And, as our ebbing life decays,
Oh, guide our steps in virtue's ways.

In pity to our woes return ;
Nor longer joy to view us mourn ;
But from thy heavenly throne impart
Those smiles, which heal the saddest heart !

Inspire us with those looks of love,
Which cheer and charm the blest'd above ;
Thy beams of mercy wide display,
And drive each sorrow far away.

Then shall our sons, thy chosen race,
Without a dread, behold thy face ;
When on thy brow no frown appears,
To damp our joys, or wake our fears !

The heaven and earth we then shall gaze,
 Each thy great work, without amaze;
 Adoring with each grateful thought
 The hand, which each fair fabrick wrought.

Oh, still in smiles, thyself impart
 To the pleas'd eye, and ravish'd heart;
 With looks of kindest mercy shine;
 Ours all the toil; the blessing thine.

PSALM CXLVIII.

YE wing'd battalions of the sky,
 For ever cloth'd with fairest light,
 Who watch your great Creator's eye,
 And, as he guides, direct your flight;
 Ye first his glories to admire,
 Be first to fill the vocal choir.

His might, ye saints and seraphs, sing,
 From morn to eve the strain prolong;
 Touch the glad harp, awake the string,
 Pleas'd to record the sacred song!

Inspir'd by his celestial beam,
Let him, that gave it, be your theme.

Ye golden worlds of light above,
That scatter round the earth your flame,
Whene'er ye shine, where-e'er ye move,
Oh, find a voice to tell his fame!
His praise exalt; and hand admire
Which gave each radiant lamp its fire.

Thou sun, whose orb with glory streams,
Parent and source of heavenly light;
Thou moon, whose borrow'd beauteous beams,
Adorn the fable brow of night;
Bear, as ye fly, his fame along;
And with his wonders swell the song.

Ye train of stars, whose glitt'ring fire
Divides the shade; the darkness cheers;
Do you assist the upper choir,
And pour soft strains from all your spheres;
Grateful to him, who sits above
And guides that heaven wherein ye move.

Ye chrystal fountains of the skies,
Remov'd so far from human sight,
As your clear streams descend or rise,
Oh, bear in mind his matchless might,
By whose command ye upwards flow,
Or falling cheer the vales below.

Each orb his hand, or counsel, guides
Thro' the blue spaces of the air;
Which swiftly moves, or gently slides
With clouds obscur'd, or beauties fair;
Thro' the same track, for ever flies,
Mark'd out, by his directing eyes;

Stedfast and firm each axle turns,
Brings on the night, renews the day;
With one great flame each planet burns,
And pours around one constant ray!
Nor time, till nature now expires,
Shall damp their heat; or quench their fires!

Ye floods! and thou resounding deep,
Whose billows lave each briny shore;
Both when ye rage, and when ye sleep,
With all your waves his fame adore!

Which

Which the dire dragons shall proclaim,
With hissing sound, and tongues of flame ;

Ye meteors, that along the air
Dreadfully shine to human eye,
Or dress the comets flaming hair,
Or give the tempest wings to fly ;
As now ye burst the op'ning cloud,
Utter his praise abroad ; as loud.

Ye winds and vapour ; fire and snow,
Who high in airy chambers dwell ;
Whene'er ye rage, where-e'er ye blow,
His praise thro' every region tell ;
Still arm'd, his summons to fulfill ;
To blast or spare ; to save or kill ;

Ye branching pines, where-e'er ye grow,
As to yon heaven your tops ascend,
Or from the hills, or vale below,
In sign of solemn worship bend ;
The mountains, as your tops they view,
With rev'rence stoop, shall worship too.

Ye

Ye silver nations of the deep,
Ye tribes that wing the upper air,
Ye herds that in the vallies sleep,
Or to the groves for shade repair ;
His goodness in remembrance keep,
Ye fowls that fly, and worms that creep.

Ye thunders, with a mighty sound,
(Still usher'd by the lightning's blaze)
That shake all nature's frame around,
And chill each heart with dire amaze ;
As now ye rend the sulphurous cloud,
Tremble, and own his voice more loud.

Virgins and youth, in glory high,
With grace adorn'd, and beauty crown'd,
Infants, in tender accents try
To lisp that praise, ye cannot sound,
All in the blissful task engage,
From blooming youth, to bending age.

Oh, still our mighty God abide,
Already fair, the fame prolong
Of Jacob's race, their power more wide
Growing each day ; their horn more strong ;
That

That all thy saints their gifts may bring ;
And of thy love and mercy sing.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

PARENT of bliss ! to whom each day
My soul in sadness I impart ;

Up to thy throne each night convey

The sorrows of a mourner's heart ;

Oh, bend from heaven thy list'ning ear,

A wretch's dire complaints to hear !

Frequent and loud my sighs ascend,

From my sad couch to reach thy sky ;

Just like the feeble, when they bend

With years, or when the aged die ;

Panting each mournful hour for breath,

And, as I pant, still dreading death.

With tears thy mercy as I crave,

And humbly bow before thy shrine,

The dead, within their silent grave

Conceal'd, have looks resembling mine ;

Robb'd of the wretched power to moan,

I scarce have strength to weep alone.

My

My years are past! my life is o'er,
Like those who late in battle bled;
Mix'd with the *living* now no more;
But number'd with the breathless *dead*;
By thy consuming wrath o'erthrown;
Forgot by all — to all unknown.

Beneath the deep's o'erwhelming tide,
Where shades afright, and horrors dwell,
Thy arm, and anger, I abide,
To the deaf waves my sorrows tell;
By thee the fearful billows led
To foam above my drowned head.

Thy swift tempestuous wrath to shun,
To shades, for safety, I retire,
O'ertaken, as I vainly run,
By thy devouring storm, and fire;
Unfelt till now, unheard before,
Thy arrows fall — and tempests roar.

Far off to fly my hateful fight
Once dear, my lov'd companions go;
Who in my joys once took delight,
Or liv'd the partners of my wo;

From man no succour man shall find,
Who moans, like me, his God unkind.

Beneath the dungeon's horrid gloom,
O'erloaded with the fest'ring chain,
Each day in anguish I consume,
And waste each lonely night in pain :
My soul from bondage cannot free,
Confin'd in wrath, great God, by thee.

Dimm'd with the sorrows which they shower,
Each night depriv'd of pleasing sleep,
My eyes have only now a power,
Unhappy power, to pine and weep ;
My heart o'erwhelm'd with every pain,
Breathing in sighs to thee in vain !

Do'st thou with smiles revive the dead,
Quicken our dust within the grave ?
In darkness are thy wonders read,
In dire destruction do'st thou save ?
Who, in the vales of death, shall find
Potent, thy arm ; thy mercy kind ?

Wilt

Wilt thou thy faith sincerely keep,
 With mould'ring earth ? our atoms raise
 From the cold mansions where they sleep,
 Inspir'd with breath, to sing thy praise ?
 Shall our dead dust adore thy sky,
 Or mercy find us, when we die ?

In vain, in death's eternal night,
 Are thy transcendent wonders shown ;
 In vain, thy love is brought to light
 In the dark shades, where none are known ;
 When with their house of clay o'er-spread ;
 Forgetting, and forgot the dead ?

When to thy heaven each morn I bend,
 Before the sun brings back the day,
 Why do my vows thy ears offend,
 Why are my sorrows flung away ?
 Regardless of that bitter smart,
 Thy anger fixes in my heart.

Feeble and faint behold I lie
 In sadness draw my wretched breath ;
 Panting like those, who, when they die,
 Hear with despair the voice of death ;

Pursu'd by thy avenging rage,
From guiltless youth, to stooping age !

Thy wrath and dire displeasure drowns
My melting soul in deep despair ;
The dread of thee, thy killing frowns,
Too fierce for man, weak man, to bear ;
Thy terrors, like a fearful tide,
Closing me round on every side.

As thou do'st all my beauty spoil,
My friends, and lovers, fly away ;
While those, that courted once my smile,
With scorn, their wretched king survey !
Weeping, they turn their ear aside ;
And, as I sigh, my sighs deride.

PSALM LXXIX.

WHERE thou hast chosen to reside,
Great God, fair *Salem's* beauteous towers ;
The heathen, with a conqu'ror's pride,
And with a foe's revenge devours !
Thy temple round with slaughter red ;
Which we adore, as well as dread,

The

The city once thy dwelling place,
With dust and ruins cover'd o'er,
Their rage o'erturns ; their swords deface,
Made wet with wretched *Judah's* gore ;
No friends their dying friends to mourn ;
No eye to weep around their urn.

The victor's fury to allay,
The bodies of our heroes slain
Become the wolves untimely prey,
The vulture's food, on every plain:
Whose blood, like waves, our wall surrounds,
That issues from their streaming wounds.

Fair *Zion*, once, thy dear delight,
Does *Syria's* loud derision grow ;
Once great in arms, and fam'd in fight,
The scorn of each prevailing foe :
We sink beneath thy jealous ire,
And near thy blasting breath expire.

Oh, turn thy shafts ! and let the foe,
Deriding now thy mighty power,
Thy anger feel ; thy fury know
The vengeance of one fearful hour ;

Who,

Who, whelm'd in death, across each plain,
Shall dread thy name, they now disdain!

The vale where silver *Jordan* stray'd,
With his propitious stream embrac'd ;
Is, by proud *Edom's* triumph, made
A scene of death ! a frightful waste ;
No sheafs our trodden furrows yield,
No harvests wave along the field.

Oh, drive, and banish, from thy thought,
That guilt, which does our realms destroy ;
Before thy eyes be never brought
Those sins, that rob us of each joy ;
Our mournful land with slaughter fill,
And more, than *Edom's* fury, kill,

Oh, with a parent's pitying care,
Sad *Judah's* wretched kingdoms save ;
And those thy justice cannot spare
Let thy superior mercy save ;
Thy arm, that does our foe subdue,
Must be both strong and steady too !

Affert thy glorious strength around
Thy heaven, thy might, and Godhead's fame ;
That impious worlds, with dread profound,
May own, and tremble at thy name ;
Nor ask, in what thy arm excells,
Who is our God, or where he dwells ?

Rise then, in all thy fury rise,
Be our avenging God, once more ;
Prostrate before our ravish'd eyes,
The nations glutted with our gore ;
Our speaking wounds invoke thy sky,
With a sad voice for vengeance cry !

Oh, let each sigh the captives send,
From the dark prison where they moan
In sadness, to thy heaven ascend,
And calm thy wrath ; and move thy throne ;
And let thy power, and pity save
The pris'ners, destin'd to the grave ;

On impious nations, that deride
Thy arm, a seven-fold vengeance shower ;
And crush the haughty scorner's pride,
And quell the loud blasphemer's power.

That

That we thy might in songs may raise,
As pleas'd to bless, as we to praise;

PSALM CXLVI.

WHILE his kind love thy life sustains,
And breath inspires thy fleeting frame,
Thy God, my soul, in rapturous strains
Adore; his praise thy heart inflame.

In earthly kings no more we trust,
Themselves from dread who cannot free;
Forms only of more noble dust,
To death devote, as well as we.

Tho' now ambitious thoughts may fire
Their breasts, puff'd up with regal sway;
Yet let the mighty once expire,
They mix their dust with common clay.

When the cold solemn grave shall hide
Earth's wretched kings beneath its gloom;
Their counsels and their thoughts abide
No more ——— forgot within the tomb.

He

He only is in safety blest,
Whose heart to *Israel's God* can say,
Thou art my hope—on thee I rest,
Thy arm, my strong support and stay !

The heavens with every lustre bright,
The earth, and sea that round it flows,
From shades of darkness into light,
By his eternal word arose !

The promise, which he once has past,
Like his own Godhead shall endure !
The stedfast world is not so fast ;
Nor his own seat above, more sure ;

By his strong arm, and saving might,
The weak are from oppression freed ;
Whose tender mercy takes delight
The hungry from his stores to feed.

To each sad wretch beneath the sky
His bounty does a bliss impart,
Pours light into the darken'd eye,
And joy into the pris'ner's heart.

O

His

His hand supports with kindest care
The weak and aged, when they fall ;
Forbids the righteous to despair
Who on his name in sadness call.

The banish'd from their native land,
In every clime, their God may find ;
And, guided by his saving hand,
In every region own him kind.

His smile the wretched mourner cheers,
Whose sighs ascend above his throne ;
Well pleas'd to dry the widow's tears,
And calm the helpless orphan's moan.

Not thus the heathen realms shall prove
His power, blest'd *Judah's* refuge still ;
Not find his arm stretch'd out in love
To save, but in revenge, to kill.

When earthly kings are turn'd to dust,
Thy God, O *Sion*, shall remain
Thy sure defence, and sacred trust,
For ever thron'd ; and still to reign !

PSALM

PSALM LXXX.

THEIR VOWS, O *Jacob's* shepherd, hear,

Who own thy name with sacred fear;

From the bright wings thyself unfold

The cherubs wear of spreading gold;

Let all from thence thy glories see!

Oh rise, and let thy chosen free!

Shew the glad tribes, throughout the land,

The deeds, accomplish'd by thy hand;

How fear'd thy pow'r; how fam'd thy might;

Thy sword, how terrible in fight!

Stir up thy strength, that every foe

Our God may own — his terrors know.

Thou' captives now, in chains we mourn,

Speak thou, and hasten our return;

With looks of kindest pity shine,

And cheer each soul, with rays divine,

Thy smiles shall thus our grief destroy,

And ev'ry heart shall flame with joy.

Thou God! that do'st the battle sway,

When wilt thou turn thy wrath away!

How long the wretches sighs disown,
 In vain ascending to thy throne ;
 Whose woe a bitter cup supplies,
 Fill'd from the fountain of their eyes !

Our arm too weak to quell their pride,
 The nations round our sword deride ;
 Scoff at the foe they first subdue ;
 At once their scorn, and conquest too ;
 Oh, guard us with thy power divine !
 What strength, whose arm can save but thine ?
 The vine, too feeble now to stand,
 Was first transplanted by thy hand ;
 From *Ægypt* brought, her lofty head
 Had room to grow ; and strength to spread ;
 The heathen banish'd, to allow
 More freedom to each loaded bough.

By her the vales were cooler made ;
 From her the mountains took their shade ;
 The cedars, mingling with the sky,
 Nor look'd so fair ; nor grew so high ;
 Whose branches fill'd each fertile plain,
 From *Tygris*, to the *Tyrian* main.

Why

Why does thy wrath the fence deface,
That did her beauties guard and grace;
Let each rude foe by force invade
Her clusters, and her cooling shade!
By each invader's hand o'er-power'd;
Her top cut down, her root devour'd.

Oh, view from heaven the bleeding tree,
Water'd so long, and nurs'd by thee;
Behold the place, great God, once more,
(Tho' now with ruins cover'd o'er,
Where, nourish'd by thy tender care,
It shot so high; and spread so fair.

Oh, fill our sons with all thy might;
Give 'em thy arm, and strength in fight;
So we, thy rescu'd tribes, shall sing
The triumphs of our matchless King.
The God, that hast our legions led;
In battle, whom the mighty dread.

“ The following Psalm, being esteem'd by
“ Mr. *Dennis*, and the best criticks and judges,
“ the most noble, the most exalted and lofty in
“ the whole book; (the wide creation, even
“ the

" the insensible and inanimate parts of it, being
 " call'd upon to celebrate the praises of the su-
 " preme being) we have had several beautiful
 " imitations of it, given us by the most eminent
 " hands. The Earl of Roscommon, Mr. Milton,
 " Sir R. Blackmore, Mr. Norris, and many
 " others, having oblig'd the world with a trans-
 " lation of it, or a paraphrase. I ought to ask
 " the reader's pardon, who has read the Psalm
 " in the works of those learned authors, for
 " presuming to insert here an imitation of it;
 " which, tho' publish'd some time ago, in a
 " larger * work of mine, will not, I hope, be
 " judg'd improper to be inserted in this ver-
 " sion.

* Last Judgment, B. 5.

PSALM CXLVIII.

*After the manner of Milton, from
 the Fifth Book of the Last Judg-
 ment.*

JOIN then in praises all, whoe'er receive
 From him your life ! of life each pleasing joy ;
 Ye angels first, who clad in purest rays,
 Day without night enclose his sacred throne,
 Rejoicing, thro' the wide creation fair,
 Above

Above each creature else in songs proclaim
His bounty, whence ye drew your birth, and
(fame,
And brightness, rivall'd thro' the ample sky
By nothing brighter! ye, the first in power,
Extol his love; and be the first in praise!
Ye next, who o'er this earth, as he ordains,
Dominion hold, and view, by his command,
Your subjects, whatsoever swims or flies,
Or treads its spacious surface, never cease
(To men his bounty varying eve and morn)
In due return, to vary his high praise!
Break silence, all ye living fires, tho' mute,
Yet find a voice for praise, as on ye roll,
Light after light, unnumber'd thro' the sky,
Thou loudest, whose great orb surpasses all,
In flame and matchless glory, from whose eye
Darting effulgence round, each lesser star
Its circle fills, and, moving near thy beams,
Drinks deep of light, from thy o'erflowing urn.
And thou, fair regent of the night, whose ray
Divides the darkness from thy silver throne,
Rising, or when thy orb declines, proclaim
His glory, who adorns, with milder flame,
Thy

Thy chariot, circled with a thousand fires,
Waiting thy flight attendant, from the east
To where thy beams are quench'd in western
(waves.

Ye vapours, as ye upward climb, exhal'd
By the sun's thirsty orb, where-e'er ye fly,
Painted or dusk, both as ye rise and fall,
Exalt him, as to rain, or hail, or snow
Condens'd, in downy flakes, or rattling showers,
Ye now descend, till, melting, up the sky
Ye soar in exhalations; breathe his praise,
Ye winds, from whatsoever climes ye blow,
Peaceful or loud, brushing the earth or main,
Now smoothe its surface, till, by his command,
Your fury drives along the roaring wave,
And from the deep abyss beneath up-heaves
The fearful inundation to the pole.

Ye flowers that clothe the earth, and in your
(bloom,

Vary her face with every pleasing hue,
Be mindful of his bounteous hand, who gave
Your beauty and your odours; nor deny,
As from your op'ning buds you throw each
(morn

Sweet

Sacred HYMNS. 1051

Sweet incense, with your sweets to join his praise;
Nor can you silence keep, ye silver streams,
Wand'ring thro' flow'ry banks along each vale
To pay him worship, from whose heaven, your
Are still replenish'd, weeping oft in showers
To fill your empty channels! as ye glide
In softer rills, or roll thro' wider shoars,
Both as ye glide, and as ye roll, proclaim
His praise, and bear it on each grateful wave,
His glory, as ye part the bursting sky,
Ye tempests celebrate, whether the main
Ye open, and its channels deep below
Reveal to human eye; or, as ye rage,
Drive down the forest from the mountain's brow;
Where-e'er your fury lives, at his command
Be silent — save where silence yields to praise.
Nor can ye want wherewith to speak his fame,
Ye thunders, dreadful wheresoe'er ye sound;
Whether ye rock the heavens, or, as ye roll
In ecchoing volleys, bid the earth despair;
Yet trembling when he speaks, be calm, and own
His voice the louder! Nor can ye refrain
From adoration, and obedience due,
Ye mountains, lifting up your lofty brow

P

Nearest

Nearest to heaven ; whatever load ye bear,
 Cedar, or branching oak, or shading pine,
 Bend low your heads ; in sign of worship bend
 To your creator ; who, above the vales
 Spread deep beneath, rears high your tops t
 (ye

A lengthen'd shade to cool the plains below.
 Nor thou, who visit'st first the early ray
 Shot from the east, and waking with the dawn
 If yet upon thy grassy bed, or bore
 Aloft upon the wing, thro' fields of air,
 Oh, be not lost in praise ; but in thy flight,
 Up the fair roads of heaven, or down the sky,
 Sinking or rising, where thy voice resounds,
 Oh, make each region sweet with grateful layes
 How wond'rous (Lord) are all thy works, how
 (great

Thyself how great and wond'rous then, to view
 Each by thy breath created, and sustain'd,
 Confessing each thy Godhead, which is seen
 And visible, not without transport seen,
 In whatsoe'er the earth, and sea, and air,
 Surrounding both, encloseth in its arms.



THE
A G O N Y
OF THE
M E S S I A H.
A N
O D E.



WITH every sad and solemn strain,
Awaking pity mix'd with pain,
Spirit divine, do thou inspire,
Each lay of the celestial lyre!

Each mournful note select to sing
Man's Saviour, heaven's eternal King,
Beneath the night's cold shadow spread,
And number'd almost with the dead.

See

108 *The Agony of the MESSIAH.*

See him, who rais'd the world's wide frame,
Who gave to every star a name,
Who lent the sun its golden fire,
Sunk down, and ready to expire.

Throw wide thy heaven, great God, and view
Thy Son sustain the sinner's due ;
Who fights for man's offence alone,
And dies for guilt, tho' not his own.

Thrice on the ground the Saviour falls ;
Thrice on his angry Father calls ;
As oft his ardent wishes pray,
The fearful cup might pass away !

On the 'dire vial long he gaz'd,
He saw it red, and saw amaz'd ;
Does the strong potion from him throw,
All guilt above ; all wrath below.

Again the cup his hand applies ;
His lip again the cup denies ;
Since each sad drop its brims confine
Sparkles and burns with wrath divine.

The

The lowest dregs thereof he knew
He must or drink, or not be true ;
Then does the book of fate unfold,
And sighs to read that hour foretold.

Each page he well cou'd understand,
'Twas wrote by heaven's unerring hand,
The leaf where his sad sentence stood,
With steel engrav'd ; and sign'd with blood.

At the dire view, what streams arise,
Flow now no longer from his eyes ;
While every wide and weeping pore
Distills in drops of hallow'd gore.

'Tis for weak man, whose bosom fears,
To seek a soft relief from tears ;
But, when the world's great Lord complains,
His sorrows speak from gushing veins ;

Oh, haste my soul, and bear a part,
In that remorse, which chills his heart.
For thee his eye prepares those showers ;
That sigh for thee his bosom pours !

Thy

110 *The Agony of the MESSIAH.*

Thy guilt, in mercy to atone,
Draws from his breast that bitter groan ;
Opens his sad and sacred veins ;
In death anon to end his pains.

See where he leans his pensive head,
The tree his shade ! the turf his bed ;
Thro' the dark gloom his woes resound ;
Breath'd from his soul in sighs around.

Oh, can'st thou view thy Saviour lie,
Anxious his heart, and sad his eye ;
Nor yet avenge that guilt, which gave
The pious sufferer to the grave ?

No more condemn the spear, which dy'd
Its point beneath his wounded side ;
'Twas not the piercing nails, but thee
Which fix'd him to the bleeding tree.

As now in sadness, all alone,
He strives to view his Father's throne,
His griefs augment — amaz'd to find
His Parent, and his God unkind !

A cloud

An O D E. III

A cloud, array'd with fearful light,
Forbids him to approach his fight;
His heaven all hid with meteors dire;
Lightning his arm; his visage fire.

Amidst the worlds his voice had rais'd,
Which once his Godhead own'd and prais'd;
No heart a grateful sigh supplies,
To calm his sorrow, as he dies.

A garden now the mourner chose,
Beneath whose shade to meet his woes;
Remov'd far off from human sight,
The hour — the dreadful dead of night.

Here to his sad presaging eyes,
Dark scenes of future fate arise!
While to his boding mind appear
The scourge, the crown; the reed, the spear.

With wrath his Father's brow all red,
With night the darken'd heavens o'erspread,
Blue lightnings scorching as they fly,
And thunders rending half the sky!

Even

112 *The Agony of the MESSIAH.*

Even now his breast begins to feel
The wounds inflicted by the steel;
In his sad thought already worn,
The mocking robe, and cruel thorn.

Each way he turns his eye, to find
Relief, he meets no object kind;
Nor heaven above, nor earth below,
Vile man his judge; and God his foe;

Oh, bid those guardian trains descend,
Which did thy royal birth attend;
And shew'd each wond'ring sage the way
To find thy Godhead, wrapp'd in clay!

Some cordial, sure, their hand will bring;
To calm his woes; and raise their King;
His bosom struggling now beneath
The wrath of God; and dread of death.

Oh, throw your friendly wings between,
Let not his Father's brow be seen!
But shut, from his astonish'd eye,
The terrors issuing from the sky.

Drive far th' infernal host away,
That strive the Saviour to dismay ;
In ev'ry dreadful form appear
To shake his heart, with ev'ry fear.

Even he, who form'd each orb on high,
Kindled each star above the sky,
Beneath the night's sad solemn shade
Those light'nings fears, himself had made.

But oh, to sooth the sufferer's pain,
Each art, your pity tries, is vain,
Man's guilt he bore ; and now must bend
Beneath those fears, which guilt attend.

That cup, his eyes with horror view,
He now must taste, and empty too ;
Whose draught, prepar'd by wrath divine,
Too soon, great victim, must be thine.

But the dire fate his mercy chose,
Wherewith to end all human woes,
To his sad mind now nearer brought,
He strives to banish from his thought.

114 *The Agony of the MESSIAH.*

Yet, oh ! that sleep his bosom flies,
Which clos'd, too soon, his followers eyes,
Whose boasted love had not a power
To watch, the last sad parting hour.

Beneath the balmy chains of rest,
Each sorrow dies within their breast ;
Each slumb'ring, while their Lord sustains
Such mighty woes ; and matchless pains.

But, sure, that God, whose smiling brow
Cheers the wide world, will aid him now ;
Nor he, who sinners hears, despise
His sorrow, who for sinners dies ;

In mercy now, he must sustain
The part'ner of his fame and reign ;
Who fill'd so late his royal throne,
Their arm alike ; their Godhead one.

But fate forbids — which has decreed
That heart must burst ; those veins must bleed ;
Those hands and feet be purpled o'er,
With sacred streams of hallow'd gore.

AN O D E. 115

Ye angels, all your succour bring!
Ye great arch-angels, guard your King!
Hear him, in sighs, heaven's pity crave,
Oh haste, and snatch him from a grave;

Can ye be blest'd, within your bow'rs,
While such deep groans his bosom pours;
When floods of tears his cheeks bedew,
And kindly shed, perhaps, for you?

To you, by heaven's decree, belong
The weak to lift, and damp the strong,
To raise the low and humbled knee,
And set the pious captive free;

Oh, kindly cast your wings above
The King of peace; and Lord of love.
Relieve his bosom's inmost smart,
And drive each sorrow from his heart.

For see! whate'er the fates of old,
Or of his life, or doom, foretold;
Each woe, and all his bitter pains,
In one sad hour his soul sustains.

116 *The Agony of the MESSIAH.*

Death now, in all its pomp, appears,
Whose sting he feels, while yet he fears;
Sees way'd on high his brandish'd dart,
The dread whereof exceeds the smart.

Now hell's dark caves are seen below,
Which his sad soul anon must know;
Amaz'd, he views — and fears to tread
The paths that lead him to the dead.

Each horror, now, his eye invades!
Dire spectres, and unbodied shades;
The tort'ring lash; the fiery chains
Each guilty wretch, beneath, sustains.

While in sad numbers, or alone,
Despairing ghosts in anguish groan;
For death with bitter accents cry,
Deny'd the wretched power to die.

Astonish'd at the dreadful sight,
Hell's mansions, and the realms of night,
His eye to heaven once more he turns,
While thus he sues; and thus he mourns.

Parent

Parent of good, who do'st bestow,
Thy gifts on all who dwell below,
Am I, abandon'd to despair,
The only wretch, that wants thy care?

Does thy indulgent bounty give,
The meanest worm, to breathe and live,
To one alone, wilt thou deny
Thy smiles, and must that one be I?

So deep my plaints, my sighs so loud,
Must, sure, arrive, and reach that cloud,
Where, to thy throne, the mourner bends,
And where the wretch's woe ascends!

Oh, yet assume those looks of love,
Which cheer and charm the bless'd above;
Throw wide thy arms; thy smiles reveal,
And view my griefs, tho' not to heal!

Who else a cordial shall infuse
Into my soul, if thou refuse?
To whom should my sad sighs aspire,
But to my Friend, my God, my Sire?

Where

118 *The Agony of the* MESSIAH.

Where else shall I direct my moan ;
Where bend, but to a Father's throne ;
Send up my soul, and weeping eyes,
But to thy seat, and sacred skies ?

The broken heart, and bending knee,
Ne'er su'd before in vain to thee ;
Attending others, let not mine
Bow less regarded at thy shrine !

Oh, should thy wrath my pains prolong,
The bitter cup might prove too strong ;
And with a Father's anger fraught,
My soul refuse the fearful draught.

Calm then thy rage ; and cease to try
What heights my virtue yet may fly !
Since, left unguarded by thy shield,
The God may bear, the man may yield.

Perhaps, my frailty may refrain,
To bear a greater weight of pain ;
And I repent I left the sky,
For man's offence too weak to die.

See

See the wide world, the nations all,
Who me, their God and Saviour, call,
Throw each their guilt upon my head,
The living now, and now the dead!

I bleed, to calm thy heavenly rage,
For sins, of every clime, and age!
For those who bless my love, — or scorn;
For ages past, and man unborn.

Ev'n those, who now my fate decree,
Prepare the scourge, and raise the tree,
If e'er they merit life, must live,
Heal'd by those wounds, they joy to give!

Those mystick drops their fury drains,
From my sad heart, and flowing veins,
Have all a voice — and must implore
Mercy for those who shed my gore!

Yet grant, each woe my soul could bear,
Thou could'st inflict, or I can fear,
From thee my sufferings to sustain,
Gives my swell'd heart a deeper pain.

Could

With

120 *The Agony of the MESSIAH.*

With more remorse, my fate I read,
Doom'd by a Father's voice to bleed;
Which makes the cup, thy wrath does fill,
More dreadful, and more bitter still.

What then, my heart, hast thou to fear,
Or from the cross, or bloody spear;
Thou hast a Father's anger bore,
And heaven and earth can add no more.

Tho' high they raise the cursed tree,
Prepare the thorn, the scourge decree,
Mix in my draught the nauseous gall,
In his dire frown I meet them all.

Who then would to my soul impart
A pain, beyond its present smart,
All hell's despair must add to mine,
And lend a weight to wrath divine.

Oh, why didst thou so soon approve
The first kind offers of my love,
When trembling for the sinner, I
Tho' guiltless, chose myself to die.

Could

Could none beside thy justice charm,
Thy smiles engage, and wrath disarm;
Could earth no other victim bring,
To calm her God, but me her King?

No flocks did *Israel*'s mountains breed,
No herds along her vallies feed?
Cou'd they no sacrifice supply;
Or liv'd there none to bleed, but I?

Am I to heaven more dear, than all
Each verdant field, and fatt'ning stall
Send to its temples, which expire,
To feed the rich, and hallow'd fire?

Oh, can'st thou hear my sighs, while I,
My God, my God, despairing cry?
Nor, in that hour of anguish find,
Thy wrath appeas'd, and Godhead kind?

Hast thou another Son to love,
Have I a parent else above;
To whom in tears I may disclose,
The weight and number of my woes?

R

Oh,

122 *The Agony of the MESSIAH.*

Oh, let the Father's love appear,
Removing what I feel or fear ;
Death's dire approach, the foes design ;
And, by thy smiles, oh, prove me thine.

To view thee pleas'd, that hour I bleed,
Will every other pang exceed !
Thy smiles, as now I die, confound
My heart, above each other wound.

It is thy frown, great God, I fear,
Above the cross, and *Roman* spear ;
While that I dread, the foe, in vain,
Wou'd fill my soul with greater pain !

But down ye sighs ! no more ye eyes
Send your sad wailings to the skies !
For the world's guilt I vow'd this gore,
And time must finish what I swore.

'Tis not, alas, for man or me,
To break or alter heaven's decree ;
His heavy debt, on me, is lay'd,
And fate one hour will see it pay'd.

That

That dreadful hour is come at last ;
But, oh, my Soul, it is not past ;
Tho' now begun, what woes attend
My boding heart, before its end ?

But read yon dire decree on high ;
Mankind is lost, or thou must die :
And let no doubt thy breast come near,
Which bids thee either faint or fear.

Be calm and stedfast then, my heart,
I chuse to act the bitter part !
Bending, to break the tyrant's power ;
Dying, that death may be no more ;

That shaft, which bears me to the dead,
Shall bruise the haughty victor's head ;
Mankind, from every terror freed,
While death lies bleeding, as I bleed.

Frail life I then no more desire ;
Let man be bless'd ! tho' I expire !
My soul, with joy, I now resign !
Take me — this moment I am thine.

If

124 *The Agony of the MESSIAH.*

If thou hast yet a woe in store,
This wretched bosom has not bore,
From heaven, the sooner it descends,
The sooner too the suffering ends;

He spoke! while heaven does now impart,
New courage to his anxious heart,
Strengthen'd with more than human power,
Against the great appointed hour.

F I N I S.

E R R A T A

p Age 5. line 4. for *nor* read *no*. p. 7. l. 5. for *Steam* r. *Stream*. lb.
l. 8. for *burns* r. *flew*. p. 10. l. 2. for *bids* r. *bid*. p. 11. l. 18. for
those r. *these*. p. 22. l. 22. for *and* r. *or*. p. 23. l. 6. for *the* r. *thy*. p.
63. l. 13. for *bears* r. *bare*. p. 70. l. 16. for *spring* r. *hung*. p. 81. l.
? for *we* r. *them*